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our luncheon, which we had brought in a basket, between services." There were traditions in the family, and there were more highly colored threads of connection with the past—there was, for example the "Kidd Blanket," an altar cloth presented to an ancestress by the notorious pirate. It is hard for an American of the old stock to believe that such influences and memories are not necessary for a complete childhood. Necessary or not, a background is good.

In 1850 Elizabeth Kimball sailed round Cape Horn to San Francisco in the *Virginia*, one of those fine old clipper ships, the passing of which old sailors so justly lament. In California she became engaged to her future husband, Joseph Hobson. Returning home to be married, she crossed Nicaragua. Her wedding trip was across the Isthmus of Panama—the Isthmus before the railway, before de Lesseps made his abortive attempt to dig the canal. From 1860 to 1869, Mrs. Hobson lived with her husband in Peru. Her South American experiences are full of interest. The story of the nun, Doña Ignacia, which forms one considerable section of this record, Marion Crawford made the basis of one of his most successful novels, *Casa Braccio*—it was the only story, said he, that had ever been told him that he could use. Lord Bryce, who read a part of the recollection in manuscript, asked and received permission to incorporate a chapter into his book on South America. After her return to the United States, Mrs. Hobson became deeply interested in and worked effectively for the movement to establish a training school for nurses in connection with Bellevue Hospital: she was one of the first to throw herself whole-heartedly into the campaign to spread the teaching of first aid to the injured. The years following the death of her husband, in 1881, were diversified by foreign travel and by rewarding social experiences. Constantinople, Italy, and Washington add their color to her narrative. A trip through the South in 1895 enlisted Mrs. Hobson's interest and efforts in the cause of education for negroes: her sympathy and the clearness of her unstudied account of conditions as she saw them make the chapter devoted to this subject perhaps the most human, unsentimental, and unbiased bit of writing about our negro problem that has ever been done.

Altogether, this fragmentary story of a happy, quietly eventful, characterful life, is superior to most autobiographies in charm and in essential value.

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FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION. By CHARLES A. EASTMAN. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1916.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, as the public has been abundantly informed, is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and the nephew of Sitting Bull. Of course, the mere fact of race affords no special reason, except to the curious, for reading what Dr. Eastman has written. One hardly expects, and one does not find, even in the author's charm-

ing tales of Indian life and folklore, any literary quality that can be called distinctively racial. Dr. Eastman writes well in just such a style as any other well-educated and well-informed American would naturally adopt. Even the little touches of nature, of first-hand knowledge and experience, in his narratives are not at all exotic and scarcely so brilliant as might be expected. All of which may lead to the somewhat unromantic but on the whole satisfactory conclusion that there are, after all, few essential differences of mind and soul between the Red Man and his white brother. To be concrete, the Indian's enjoyment of his wild life seems to be not unlike the white man's pleasure in a camping trip.

What really gives a special interest to Dr. Eastman's reminiscences is the fact that in less than half a lifetime he has traversed the whole of the long path from savagery to civilization—no small achievement, nor a common one. At the age of fifteen, he was looking forward to going upon the war-path, when his father, who had been converted by Protestant missionaries, told him that he must go to school and be educated like the white man. He now has the full outlook of the college-educated, professionally trained man of today.

Dr. Eastman's narrative is a rather loosely composed biographical sketch, interesting in part for the light it throws upon the treatment of Indians by the United States Government, but far more interesting as the record of one who honestly sought to appropriate the white man's civilization as the highest good. When one reads Dr. Eastman's statement that "the 'Messiah craze' in itself was scarcely a source of danger, and one might almost as well call upon the army to suppress Billy Sunday and his hysterical followers," one's attention is arrested; but one is most of all struck with the criticism of our civilization which is implicit in the whole story. "I am an Indian," writes Dr. Eastman in conclusion; "and while I have learned much from civilization, for which I am grateful, I have never lost my Indian sense of right and justice. I am for development and progress along social and spiritual lines, rather than those of commerce, nationalism, or material efficiency." It is a lesson that we need to learn, and that an Indian may set forth with a good grace, as Dr. Eastman's whole story goes to show.

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SOCIETY'S MISFITS. By MADELINE Z. DOTY. New York: The Century Co., 1916.

The unmistakable trend of evolution in criminology is toward greater humanity in the treatment of criminals and toward a fuller realization of what the word "humanity" means. Unfortunately this tendency appears to have become mixed to some extent with mere sentimentalism—with the notion that all the unfit must survive, whatever the damage to the fit. Many good citizens, therefore,